



CANIBUS

Mic Club

MIXTAPE

Master

VOLUME ONE

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Canibus Lyrics

"Shogun"

(feat. Shaq Diesel)

[Shaq Diesel {Canibus}]

(One) Yo yo (One two!)

Yo Big {Talk to me Big}

(Check me out right here yo)

Yo Big Big, tell 'em turn it up!

{Yo talk to me so I can talk to them} Turn it up!

(You need to turn the track up a little bit for me)

{Tell me what the fuck to do} Turn it up!

(All up in my ears, the mic is loud but the music ain't loud)

Yo... this ain't about battlin, this ain't about beef no more

(Yeah) {True} We stickin to the music {aight then}

(Yeah!) You had a couple, a couple of altercations

A couple of cats knocked you down - you gon' stay down?

{Hell no nigga!} You gon' get up? {I'm 'bout to slay these niggaz!}

Show me that lyrical fitness you was talkin 'bout

{Aight then, aight, let's go!} (Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)

[Canibus]

Aiyyo the sun don't shine forever, but I could rhyme forever

I'm a Ripper, this is personal nigga

I'm back - so charged, I don't know how to act

The face lifter, Kay Slay, Money Mark and Shaq

[Shaq Diesel]

In the Commission, I ain't got to ask for shit

I'm D's Capo, B.I.G. from the Bricks

You heard of me, seven one, three-fitty

Real black and shitty, wife real pretty

Shaq Dizzy, I take what you won't give me

I bust off a couple, bitch let 'em hold fifty

MC's is comical, Sasquatch phenomenal

IV's plug in your arm inside the hospital

Never gotta spit, I make more than Mike

Anyone - Jordan, Jackson, Tyson

Ac-shun Diesel, ridiculous

Big Shaq, Kay Slay, 'Bis back to bust

[Canibus]

Can-I-bust verbal to burst you

Raw shit, forklift the high hats in the side to let my verse through

I'm so high in the clouds I gotta aim down

Lyricaly I'm six foot one from the waist down

Lay down or taste rounds from the trey pound

Kiss the ground as you lay face down

Ghetto life is a death sentence

Born in the hood, end up dead slumped over a car engine

I am Shogun, loved by no one
My props stop when the show's done, how come?
These uncreative ungrateful scum
Been where I been, but can't understand where I'm from
Let me show you how the fire work over here son
You gon' wear that watch, you might as well wear a gun
When you come around real gangsters, you don't front
Unless life is a luxury that you don't want
The long gat, the stocking cap, serious
as a heart attack like Redd Foxx puttin on the act
Couple more reps, let the muscles flex
Damn you gettin big 'Bis, they don't love you yet?
I'm as smooth as smooth can get
I shake your hand to bruise your neck to improve your breath
Hang with rappers, actors and descendant masters
Puffin on hash and defendin the classics
I got hip-hop in my blood, I'm blessed
Outside the bones but inside the flesh
They better film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you, try to escape
Hold you down while I perform capouetta on your face
Why you sound like that? Why you tear the mic down like that?
Why you sound so intense when you rap?
The airborne assault you can't call off, breathe exhaust
like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Good God niggaz is weak, I got real power
Y'all rap for minutes, I rap for hours
Now I only got a couple more bars to pounce ya
Over the counter drugs, Canibus all in ya mouth son
I wish this was a battle, I'd grab the mic
and do curls and destroy you in front of the world
Besides Corey Gunz, ain't shit hot since I been gone
Maybe it's because you puff the same shit I bent on
Kay Slay, 2004 nigga, the Ripper..
Mic Club, get the picture?
Mic Club, get the picture?

Canibus Lyrics

"Vitruvian Canman"

[Canibus]

Yo, even when I rhyme slow
My lyrics move at a high rate of speed cause they comin down slow
My pantheon stands beyond songs, beyond the norm
I've managed to draw the sihlouette of God
Connect the dots with stars 'til my C forms
in the shape of a deep sea prawn, go to the store
Grab the CD without tongs or gloves on
And see if it don't barbecue your palms and arms
Ambience have a seance in the garden of Eve
I'm a God, a gardener, a guardian of trees
Banana clips and the spliff is all I'ma need
I'ma inhale and exhale as long as I breathe
Turn the mic on, I'ma torment the beat
Tear the club down with a warning to leave
Snit snow in the sauna, up to my knees
Conduct business with broads that fuck for the queen
Givin angels anal through halos
Cause the skinny nigga in the seude gold say so
I'm a pimp with a payroll, tryin to get paid
Worldwide, I'm thinkin 'bout hirin some gays
I pace back and forth like a lion in a cage
Goin out in a blaze, call the fire brigade
This is Canibus nigga, fuck what you heard about the name
Niggaz know the steez, I tear mics out the frame
Who wanna be famous, who's the brainless ignoramus
Tryin to go against my steel stainless, I train for this
How the fuck you gon' be grimy? Your guns is tiny
Kill me you gotta deal with a batallion behind me
In the center of the circle I stand as the Vitruvian Man
I'm the illest, truly I am
I unzip my own flesh and step out my skin
Let you observe my inner being, it's a beautiful thing
The intensity in the eyes, the reflection in the rhymes
Microscopes couldn't find the depths of my design
Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick
Sometimes I rhyme so long, the listeners quit
This the template real MC's should abide by
Let me wipe the mucus out the side of your mind's eye
Singlehandedly carried the torch for ten years
With a trojan horse techinque, that modern man feared
And I never lost a battle motherfucker don't front
Maybe on the 32nd day of the 13th month, CHUMP!

Canibus Lyrics

"Kill The Conjecture"

[Canibus]

Yeah, let's go... yo

Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor

That's what you get for disagreein with God

The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
that I can tag along with SOCOM

I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat

At sunrise, I spit to the East

Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released

They ain't got no lip for the beast

Make you strip like police, I point the heat

From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep

Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep

I check to make sure it's no leaks

Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari

Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me

Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt

That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt

Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture

For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work

Canibus Lyrics

"Say It Ain't So"

[Canibus]

Oh my motherfuckin God! Say it ain't so

Jesus Christ, my name should be Jeebus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
Can-I-Bus, spit is in my blood, I'm blessed
Outside the bones but inside the flesh
And yes, if I was focused I could crush you
Cause you sayin you focused, now how come I can still touch you?
I bust you, then spit some Young Buck shit at you
Cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
The perfect music machine, mechanical being
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen
I did, I do, I does, I am
I will be, I was the same nigga you love
But slugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die
They push me harder cause they want me to try
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the street
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weep
People layin on the concrete exhausted from heat
Watchin John Kerry spit over some Michael Moore beats
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast
I almost was in control of all coasts
I give the fans rhymes to quote, they all dope
Total lyrical landslide, give me all votes
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna par-ticipate
But they tryin to hold me back with black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be JeeBus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
Fuck it, I'm in the middle of little Italy
With a middleman that didn't know diddly so I killed him lyrically
The Big Pun, energy enters me strengthens me
Lay you on the floor, shoot you in the back, make you Centipede
My sense of speed is ten over three
MC times Kay Slay over the motherfuckin MP
My fanbase sit and wait for the comin
They couldn't follow the leader long enough so I drug 'em

Yo Kay Slay, can I bust 'em?

Canibus Lyrics

"U Don't Cee"

[Canibus]

It's the capital C, little A-N-I, capital B, U-S, whattup G
Even from a distance I got a front row seat
And I'm watchin what y'all don't see
Listen up kids
Your favorite artists are mafia bosses
From the streets to the corporate office of they lawyers
Niggaz got money and then they got hungry
Got friends in powerful places just like Bugsy, but more ugly
It's gon' get bloody, niggaz don't know
the side of the street shit the TV don't show
Tour buses full of weed and coke, gettin a hundred G's a show
These niggaz got cheese to blow
On the phone, governor hits, gotta hide they mothers and kids
Talkin in code, watchin out for the feds
Every day they address change
Hoppin out of bombproof automobiles, from real jet planes
The mainstream think they just rappin
They don't have the eyes or ears to see or hear what's happenin
I'm from an island where the skinny niggaz ride
It's an island where the real skinny niggaz die
Ask my nigga Spragga Benz, he'll tell you why
We represent Jamaican pride
It's a war bein fought on all levels, let me paint the picture
It's the straights against the gays, but the gays is richer
There's a lot of sexy beasts in the system that like men more than women
Cause they spent so much time in the prison
I can tell you what it is and what it isn't, this shit is subliminal
Can't see it without the criminal vision
Motherfuckers is livin a life nobody ain't filmin
Thug TV, and it ain't for children
Guns, sex, money and drugs, fuck your feelings
Feds puttin smoke detectors with bugs in ceilings
Niggaz hirin they own law enforcement
Goin to court bent, dollars be talkin, drop the charges
Don't forget, that nigga Shyne comin home soon
And I +KNOW+ he hungry, I wonder what he gon' do
If you can hear me cousin, I got my money on you
What niggaz sayin in the streets is true, see you soon
We can do somethin with Spragga B or Elephant Man
When you come home, you see my shit is militant man
I just came back from Belize, my uncle got married
to this drug lord's niece, and bought a 36 karat marquis
I'll holla at you, we'll discuss the plan
I'm a soldier but I squeeze with a delicate hand
The 50 cal cost fifteen thou'
And I ain't stupid enough to say I got one, you figure it out

It's a lot of nosy niggaz around
That's why I moved the fuck out of New York to a less busier town
With a 9 to 5, I still experience life on the finer side
Hollerin ride or die
Man of flesh with the eyes of God
A concrete bunker protects my mind so I cry inside
While I watch how the media designed the lies
But real niggaz see eye to eye
While fake niggaz run around lookin for another ride to buy
With they lawyers co-signin the crime, I rhyme like
there's a hundred million dollars on the line every time
I'm ready to place a bet any time
Empty a whole nine into any shield you hide behind
to breach your contract with Father Time
Just an old problem in the modern world, you see how these niggaz
is thorough from borough to borough, I'll give you referrals
7-1-8, 3-6-0, 2-5-1
Send the last digit on a bullet through a barrel
My hundred pound rucksack full of ammo and army apparel
If a nigga REALLY wanna battle

Canibus Lyrics

"Collecting Taxes"

[Canibus]

What? You wanna battle with a Jesus piece, you need luck
You couldn't see me with Jacob piece from Jesus
I lean you back like your spine just cracked
Rhyme chiropractor get paid to adjust raps
Spit somethin, let me see if I'ma bust back
I front back gore yo' ass 'til you collapse
Spin hats around lightspeed well hubcaps
My gun'll clap faster than Savion Glover taps
Wave the four at you, if it take more than that
I kick down your door before you get the double axe
Strapped for Canibus, just relax
I came to collect taxes, as simple as that
I raid your refridgerator, but other than that
Before I leave I remind you to remember you're whack
Yo my girl loves Usher but she said he gettin cocky
I told her SHUT UP, cause that's the same way she knock me
In the name of hip-hop I rock beats on blocked streets
There ain't an MC that can stop me
Need more beats? Scott Storch ain't cheap
In Virginia, DMP or Nottz got heat
Yo, _I Get Around_ like 'Pac and Shock G
In a drop Jeep, lickin off shots at [?]
It don't have to be a special occasion, I'll be blazin
I'm Jamaican, you know that I don't worship no bacon

This is real Canibus, leave your nose achin
Niggaz be hatin but on the low they know the flow's dangerous
The hip-hop Joe Namath, never missed a payment
Don't say shit to me, talk to the niggaz I came with
Kay Slay shit nigga, Drama King nigga
Bada Bing nigga...

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Off Yakneez"

[Sample:]

"Man, get up, I got up"
"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"
"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"

[Verse 1: Canibus]

Yo, "Get Off Ya Kneez", change your style 'cause it's time
Niggaz want me to rhyme pre-ninety-nine
No one can flow with 'Bis, most people know this
But others just won't admit, they can't get over it
Rhymes I been known to spit, mic's I been known to grip
Makes me the ultimate, God-Father over this
I'm just a ghost of Rip
A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defense
My opponents are so intent, not to show respect
They fret 'cause I'm a global threat
I'm so hard to catch, a covert celeb
I relocate so quick they can't close the Net
I expose the press, dispose of the prints
On the loose again nobody knows what's next
My virus infects, every machine with clandestine speech
Nigga "Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

"Get Off Ya Kneez"
"Get Off Ya Kneez"
"Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Verse 2: Canibus]

Yea, Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back
This is battle rap, therefore I master tracks
I mix an with thrax in your digestive track
I suggest it's wack, then I side-step to the back
I kidnap your ex, for ten million Francs
Make you shit your pants; you smell like septic tanks
Just respect it man throw a fist in the air
The distance is near, Armageddon is here
I permeate unworldly planes
As they crash in the Worlds that Trade, only my words remain
Altruist Egoist, people are ignorant
What is the meanin' of meaningless meaningfulness?

Formulas of primordial audio
Forty ohms of euphoria anointed flows
It Was Written so it shall be told
"Get Off Ya Kneez", give me the microphone
Motherfucka "Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

[Verse 3: Canibus]

My manhood is massive, when it's not flaccid
'Bis is real cool when he's not "Rip the Jacker"
I am modernesque, I am complex
Vicarious logic of bodily hardship
Beat your ass 'til your teeth mash
Sand-blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast
E.K.G.'s beep fast, doctors speak fast
For skin graft the patch over deep gash
Give me details, how does meat smell?
After a train derails into a field of gazelles
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood
Fuck your heads up
Suspend me from the game, don't mention my name
Impossible Can-I-Bus ruptures your brain
Don't be a schmuck, you act like a movie
I've proved I'm the illest you cannot disprove me
"Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Baggin' Up Da Poundz"

(feat. Young Zee)

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

Funky funky funky funky 'cause you heard it from hearsay
A jam that you love but don't be getting no airplay
Strictly for stuntin' when you ridin' around
(At twelve o'clock at night, when I bagged 'em dem poundz)

[Verse 1: Canibus]

This is strictly for stunting when you ridin' around
With a Vida Guerra look-alike massagin' you down
Bitches hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt-buckle pop
They gobble the cock, then swallow the shot
General Hip-Hop just ordered you to stand down nigga
Beat you up with your fans around nigga
Studio spot-check, let me see what you wrote
Motha fucka, you don't want to spit, flutter kicks, go
Fake niggaz get rejected, auditioning for heart
They auditioning for the wrong part
Them niggas ain't from the hood, they got the wrong walk
They all soft, with no thought, all talk, they in the wrong sport
In a golf cart, talkin' 'bout they hard-core
With some bullshit twenty-two's they bought from Wal*Mart (Bitch!)
My gat bark, bite you like a shark, right in the heart
Like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit, you massage it, I'm a lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal, and take your deposit, to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost, it's your loss
Mother fuckers, keep your ears to the street
'Cause if you raise up, you get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead, you can't eat, so don't be a fool
And try to protect your jewels, 'cause they can't protect you

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

[Verse 2: Young Zee]

Young Zee, I keep that .357 weapon
Get your chest pressed in
Leave you dead in Best Western
Bye, send your master to look for us
Better be Bruce Lee, me better bring Chuck Norris
I get glocks from the Italian Mafia
I dress up, meet them niggaz down in Operas
I won't stop 'til my town is popular
House so far, can't see without Binoculars
On the streets I'm creamin' with DU
All in the hood, see they dreamin' to be you

I roll up with 'Em, give dime honey's heart attacks
Out in Florida with money market Shaq act up
I put flesh and dirt, hope you bless through church
'Cause to find y'all, they gon' need a rescue search
Yea, I'm waitin' to drop these syllables and nouns
'Til then, I'll be baggin' up dem pundz

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

Canibus Lyrics

"Yeng Meng"

[Chorus: Canibus]

Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"
All day, everyday, "what did he say?"
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

[Verse: Canibus]

Yo, I don't want to waste no lyrics talkin' about you
Just let my body die and rot in hell why don't you
You asked the same question, I already told you
I'm a lyricist, I do what I'm supposed to do
You ever wonder what Hip-Hop would have been without me?
I'm six albums deep, somebody is thinkin' about me
Whether it's good or bad, yo, I can't control it
A nigga's opinion belongs to him; I can't own it
I microphone this with my own way of doin' things
All my rhymes really do is provoke you to think
People don't care about your passion when they comin' at you
All they ever see is record sales and dollar value
What the fuck does it matter what I'm rappin' to?
I can rhyme acapella and attract the youth
If you want to compromise, we can do that too
But I ain't never in the mood to drink no wack juice
The bottom line is I need a bigger budget
Advertising is how you program the public
People don't have to understand to love somethin'
As long as they see it enough, they just trust it, that's why I'm like fuck it
I might as well do what I do best
And that's rip a microphone to shreds
Even the best confessed, at some point in they life, they said
That I'm the illest, but now they want you to forget
So I accept the bitter with the sweet, mix it with some heat
Show them how to emcee, and spit it to a beat
I can do it in my sleep, nigga
If I'm awake, how the fuck you gon' compete, nigga? The nerve of these niggaz
I move like my shadow is weightless
Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient
Transmitting from an undisclosed location
Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations
My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals
And you never get the antidote from me, 'cause I bit you
Stab you with a jagged crystal, 'cause my energy emit through
Anything metallic, even a pencil
Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm
My flat-feet with no curves squish worms
The bad news is I got a tight flow
The good news is I just switched to Geico
This is Hip-Hop nigga

Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid
The mic is a spark-plug
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow
When I yolk back the choke full-throttle and go for broke
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note
The width of my rap, too thick to fit through the gap
The viscosity of my spit lubricates the track
Touch the VAT-lit screen, illuminate the map
Show me where you at; show me how you plan to get back
My navigation better than yours, and even though you the best
Hip-Hop is my house; you still my guest
You want more, I give you less
You want less, I give you more 'til you swimmin' in it up to your neck
Listen to the words bouncin' off the lungs in my chest
Hittin' you from every angle like porno-sex
Still here 'cause the Lord knows best
Last thing he said to me was, "let them know 'Bis," I'm a let them know this
Nobody contends with Canibus
When it comes to rhymes; everybody pales in comparison (Word)
Nobody compares to Canibus
Hip-Hop is Yeng, Canibus is Yang to balance it

[Chorus: Canibus]

Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"
All day, everyday, "what did he say?"
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

Canibus Lyrics

"HRSMN Talk"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt & Ras Kass)

[horses galloping and neighing]

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yea, mothafuckas

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?
[gun shot]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 1: Killah Priest]

I spit volcanoes, twist heads, spit lead
Then boast like the angels, the scorpion tongue
Come close I'm a sting you, I'm Morpheus' son
Part two to The Matrix, I'm atheist
Only God is my gauges and the clip is my church
Show the beginnin' and the end when I'm spittin' my verse
Voodoo curse brought back The Horsemen from the grave
Four headless mothafuckas now clappin' their gate
Stomp his chest in and put the fuckin' axe through his leg
Chop his head off, 'cause the livin' mothafuckas never seen the dead walk
'Til now, Horsemen spread his corpse across the ground
Priest pick niggaz off that talk, with a pound, c'mon

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

The headless Horsemen nigga
I'm back, give me a fired up Mac
Seventeen different satchels of uncooked crack
Dogs don't associate with cats
Horses beat niggaz with metallic wiffle ball bats
If time could rewind I would have rewound before
Knocked down, surround and drowned before
Concentrated, ligaments separated

Pronounced un-hoofed with the hoofs pound
I'm Kurupt, Young Gotti, the Headless Horseman
I'm the one that started off extortion
Contortion began to spread to scorchin'
Featherweights came with the enforcements
And forced the enforcements I'm forcin'
And open the doors, let all the force in
I never really gave a fuck what it's costin'
Time ain't money 'cause I take my money
And I take my time when I take my money
I'm always careful when I make my money
I know about niggaz gettin' quaked by money
But The Horsemen here though
Comin' through with the Hennessey and dough dough
I'm lookin' at the niggaz peepin' out the hoes
I start cookin' mothafuckas like kilos

[horses neighing]

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk

[Verse 3: Ras Kass]

Cock my Beanie like Anna B C, Gwen
Release the beast, G heat, creeps beneath me
Like the over fiend ET with DVD
Feasibly he see beyond 3-D
We the glitch in The Matrix
Neo - "these niggaz got computer code runnin' across they faces"
Temporarily trade places
I define Hip-Hop and transcend it
Take linear time and bend it
The biggest lie ever told, ever since the 13th amendment
Was whoever told you, you could contend with men with tremendous?
For rhymin' magnum mentality, for rhymin' over instrumentals
Flow like menstrual
Mena trois menaces, murder fresh-maker like Mentos
Rock like cement, cum like semen
Judgmental demon, mad lizard
Y'all niggaz is fembots
We bend blocks with big shots
And kill your little homey like Kid Rock's
I kid you not, kick rocks or kick box
I'm like a one legged man in an ass kickin' contest
You're gon' get your ass stamped repeatedly
And immediately Hannibal Lector gon' feed it to me
Please believe what you see
Or see it to believe it
Heard men are from Mars, that's why I floss on Venus
Wipe out the species, extinct ya whole genus
So fresh and so clean this
The OutKast of rap, Horsemen attack

The only thing gon' pop is my collar and a gat

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?
[gun shot]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 4: Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo
Fuck beggin' for ya life, I have you niggaz beggin for death
Use a dull blade and sever ya neck
You're whack because I say so
In my platoon niggaz like you are good for peelin' potatoes
With your manicured hands and gay flows
I murder your first born after it's only a day old
"Rip the Jacker" rips the track up
Rippin' rappers, eight sack, rippin' that ass up
Niggas back up when I attack with my axe up
Swingin faster than Tiger Woods at The Masters (FORE!)
I decapitate you faggots
Then gallop over ya body with a horse and carriage
Kidnap ya widow, fuck her in a wooden cabinet
Pass the pussy to Priest and let him stab it
Ask Ras and Kurupt if they wanna get at it
Laughin' like madmen, swallowin X tablets
Natural born spitters that mean business
Millennium niggaz, got the Sword of Guinean with us
And we all got a bone to pick
Niggaz talkin' about frozen wrists and how much dough they get
Go to war with them like the Bosnians and Bolsheviks
Put an umbrella up they asshole and open it
While I'm still holdin' it, openin and closin' it
I break they motherfuckin' pelvic bones with it
I will sabotage, everybody knows that shit
A nigga spittin' like me ain't supposed to break
Now I got a formula that's guaranteed to work
The Horsemen, remember you heard it from me first
Four niggaz that done been through it
With more knowledge than the Druids and the will power to do it
My cranium pumps uranium
My first name's Germaine so my heart probably pumps Germanium
When I die, they should have my wake in a stadium
You can witness my body beamed up by aliens
Radiation poisonin' that will probably make ya skin fall off
Motherfucker this is "Horsemen Talk"

Canibus Lyrics

"Da Payout"

[Canibus]

Yeah, Mic Club

Aiyyo we got off to a cold start, let me warm shit up
You now listening to Can-I-Bus
Yo why would you do that? Your view too black
You must have smoked somethin I used to call pool hall crack
Put a suit on you still look whack
Somewhere givin orders from confined quarters, handcuffed to a fag
Played the street too much, shoulda been in the lab
Now you sad, mad at who you was fussin with last
Life's a bitch ain't it? Smile, it ain't nothin to laugh
Rose hell at show'n'tell, brought a gun to your class
Keep the herb on the dash cause I'm servin 'em fast
Classic lyrics for that ass, cause the purpose is cash
Look I got a couple photos of you tryin to showboat
Before my gunboat touch your throat, don't talk
The microphone shark tear your bones apart
Spread you over your background like bogus art
Put the most in art, try to focus on the frozen dart
Cold and dark as a cobra's heart
I drink the absinthe raw, no chaser
Madness follows me like investigators after Al'Qaeda
The metaphor make a voice like Lord Vader
If you love hip-hop, I am your saviour
Rip your mixtape up and still take a payout
Me and you in the booth, who you think is gon' say somethin?
'Member ninety-eight when I rung those bells?
I'm a chip off the old block like Uncle L
Fuck a bootlace, I strap velcro up
Niggaz had gun talk, so what? They still didn't show up
Fuck around with 'Bus on the mic, they got no luck
Other than that, I don't really know what

Canibus Lyrics

"Give It More"

[Verse One]

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs
Cause in a minute I'ma be on top of the biz
Try to act like you don't know who it is
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus quotable quiz
Its like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is
But I'm a oldie in the biz with the vocals and libs
Said so much crazy shit on my last album
my name shut Interpol down for two hours
Now that's true power
I create what I can't count to rhyme from my anger management counselor
Just listen to the fives and blend in with the signal you getting
Can you hear me now? Answer the question
You wanna talk about sick poems? I spit stones
Leave you split holmes, tied knots with your rib bones
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones
I can speak Chinese, ching chong get off the ding dong
Knock your ass over the tables like little ping pongs
You got balls? Bring 'em on
I smash 'em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linx on
Blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms
Spit raw, your face look like you smelling stink bombs
You ain't dreamin nigga, pinch your arm
Canibus be spittin' bars that can dislodge Kanye's jaws

[Hook x2]

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off
Punchlines on the song through the hook and all
You actin' like you think you too good to fall
You spit with a glass jaw, get up give it more

[Verse Two]

If I was focused I could crush you
Cause you sayin you focused, then how come I can still touch you?
I bust you, then spit some young buck shit at you
cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
My little arms carry big arms, to tickle the clip finger
Keep the sig warm when I bring harm
I have a nigga screamin' for his mama
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
Come along with me, let me see what you got
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy
When people see you, they don't know that its not me
I flow 'cause I got to
This shit sound hot 'cause its not you

You tried to catch me, but I got you
I got a mind that spins like belt drives
And when I seen hip hop die I felt cries
But I got an idea to bring it back to life
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right
I'll go all out, pour my heart out, mix it around
Put my voice to these beats, let it mix with the sound

[Hook x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"The Mic Disease"

[Canibus]

Yeah! New York City

You are now rockin with the best, the 'Bus

And I'ma test this once (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Let's go, let's go

Aiyyo I'm so updated niggaz get frustrated

I'm the best that you ever heard, nigga fuck your favorite

Fuck a public statement, I'ma say it right here

It's quite clear, I'm the nicest anywhere

You paranoid, what's the reason for that?

Scared in the barbershop chair, with heat in your lap

I drag you out in the desert, freeze you in fact

Pulp trees run out of paper, roll leaf with the map

It's like that, give me dap, Cani-Beezy is back

I'ma take 40 million this season in rap

Take small change as long as I can afford range

When I'm flyin overseas, I can't take no small planes

If the course change, I'll be in the cockpit

With the glock cocked, lookin at the pilot all strange

Jason Jermaine, born Williams as a false name

U.S. military trained, remember one thang

I remember was no other soldier like me

My M-4 carbine bang nightly

Hand combat Tai-Chi, fight me

I'm Sagittarius, so I don't like Pisces

Effect you with the mic disease, try to breathe

Airborne spores reach overseas with light breeze

Out in Waikiki with ki's and G's

On a hammock with my trees like, what you need?

Got shorties in tight jeans over there, this is what life means

She suck me off, then she take me sightseein

Spendin per diem with a real nicely tanned Korean

She and her friend, they drive a little BM

Picked me up at 10 P.M., took me to the VM

Cause I was already kinda leanin off the Seagram's

I'm feelin weak, blame it on the herb rush

Yo that's Kay Slay bangin Lloyd Banks? Turn it up

I got a track after this one, I burnt it up

Big Shaq, Money Mark, Canibus, you heard of us

I do you rhyme surplus, words deluxe

Manufactured the 'Bus, just observe me once

I'm the bright light before you, the first of one

Kay Slay brought me back cause they worshipped son

The cursed one, my hip-hop heartbeat thump

Who that punk talkin junk, I'll punch the chump

Badunkadunk, like Lil' Jon on crunk

Have wonton for lunch with Brazilian fudge
Toss a rock my way, and I'll probably throw a million slugs
Be at your door with a million thugs!

Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Canibus:]

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

[Kool G. Rap:]

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough
Blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Bystanders bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels
Chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons
 Coke and the doom, you scheme?
 I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!
 Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
 Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
 Get blast for ya necklace
 Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
 We up in the club, dash for the exit
 Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about
 Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
 Believe they bled it out (Yo)
 Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
 Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores
 Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws
 The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
 Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
 Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked
 Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
 Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa
 Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots
 Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
 Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"
 (Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)
 Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)
 Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
 (Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[Canibus:]

Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga
 I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger
 Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community
 Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me
 I live in the 'burbs
 Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt
 It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
 Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'
 Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post
 My orders are to smoke you if you get too close
 The whole Globe is scared of my flow
 Spirit world, scared of my soul
 Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known
 The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
 My perception is completely parallel to perspective
 Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
 Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation
 Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual
 Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful
 Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual
 G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible
 Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew
 If you can't admit I'm iller than you
 Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow
 Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

[Kool G. Rap:]

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes
And shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liters
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Mascot"

[Canibus]

Yeah, just one of those moments
where a nigga feel like tearin this shit down
Y'all niggaz know what Canibus is known for
Yeah, yo
Propane in the form of flames sprayed when I point the barrel your way
Ever barbecue a piece of meat for a whole day?
You'll see a smoke cloud the darkest shade of charcoal gray
Even when you get to heaven you'll be D.O.A.
Send him to a place GPS couldn't locate
My mind so great, my neck might break from the weight
Robin Hood of mixtapes since ninety-eight
Steal from the fake, give to the real cause they feel what I make
Stash steal then I pealed over the hill by the lake
Don't make me have to go get it, I peel the grill off your face
Jermaine's hell, yeah I package paint myself son of Jorel
Take and cram more yay by the grill
Courage in you to yell, order men to tie you to the top of your cell
While I stab you in the navel with a quill
Askin you who's ill, tryin to break your will
Spinnin the wheel, lower you down knee first on nails
Make you shit yourself, witness the smell
Picture an anal IV feedin you poisonous liquidous gel
It's violent but why you gettin all sensitive now
I'm the real king of battle, this is how I get down
Can't listen to it then DON'T, you spit it fluid then DOPE
The illest, comin from what the other illest quote
Magazines once said I was the greatful hope
Some washed up bloke that couldn't execute what he wrote
It ain't over cause I still find ways to promote
Waves engulfed my boat but I managed to float
Swim to the coast, make a new ark from oak
Build a bonfire and smoke, pounds of 'dro
My own rhyme scarred my throat, torn is how I'll be remembered by most
From now 'til the day that I croak
In a year I'm liable to be on a yacht in the ocean
Or in an armored platinum pine box decomposin
Mic Club motherfucker...

Canibus Lyrics

"Gone In 60 Seconds"

[Canibus]

You got less than a minute left to recognize the voice
Take your blindfold off, look at the size of this joint
I see you lookin at the barrel, I'ma get to the point
What the fuck is this I'm hearin 'bout beef wit'cha boy?
Beef with who? I got my problems to face
Cause it pours when it rains out in Washington state
Behind a hexagonal shaped gate, you can't even relate
Right now I live inside a base
Inside the beast, watch how I move and speak
There's military police on every street
Life is shit, I taste it in the food I eat
Motherfuckers be amazed by how cool I keep
I don't get depressed, I get the vest
You still don't recognize the voice, you got 20 seconds left
Dawg, my team is small, but you can still look
to the left of your head and see a red beam on the wall
Firepower so awesome, when the barrel is barkin
I lean forward to keep from fallin
My gun's got grenade launchers on the bottom
Keep talkin, you'll be restin as pieces in a coffin

Canibus Lyrics

"Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers
One of which went on to be a successful actor
Here's the reactment: He called me at my mans crib
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me
He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me
And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me
Canibus hates the media and the magazines
They have so much credability to elaborate schemes
Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper
Being eatin alive by La Peez
Sound barriers like the Lockheed even without means
I run a course rough Terana Mach speed
Thats a rhyme from like 9-3
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet
If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep
Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets
I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in
Missin from society, because they lied to me
They didn't want to accept my documents in society
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams
And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes
Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jihad Rageam
I total riot scene, back and forth they encrypt fiber optic beams
On my album out next spring
You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene
It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling
Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name
Jermaine Williams, thats my name
Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man
And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan
Get it through your head and don't ask me again
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?
It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy
Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme
And its about time that I put ya'll in line
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine
Don't be a stranger come over some time
I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time
Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date
We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes
Limited to three states
New York City: home of the greats
Philly and out West piece-a-cake
Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out
Don't let what I say get you upset
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Iz Alive"

[22 second intro]

[Canibus]

I'm the real king of my kingdom
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner
Shielded behind firewalls and water doors
Down the gaseous corridor, welcome to my world of horror!
A coroner with an immortal aura
The rhyme slang and holla at a Ripper, rip you to live longer
Get stronger every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clotheslines you running forward
You can't ignore 'Bis, motherfucker I started this!
As far as artists that spit, Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit studied by oceanographers
At the ocean's bottom, with rocketship sound effects
A Ripper in the flesh, signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need time to think
You talk shit, my personality split, you get ripped and that's it
A "True Hollywood Story" bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone, Canibus is just a moniker
Stay behind the follower, I'm fin' to demolish you fucks
Can-I-bust? (YEAH!) Now that's what I'm talkin' 'bout
Call me Mr. Spit Shit, also known as Toilet Mouth
Y'all been warned about a million times
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85
When I'm writin I'm impervious to fraud
My fine art's verbal collage is worthy of the Gods
When I'm 30 years old, I'ma quit rhymin
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme
NOBODY'S SAFE, NOBODY can say that they great
I put a jacker's cold body in a crate
Trap his soul in an electromagnetic vase
Put the crate on a wide lowrider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes, then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate, realize it's time for your FATE!
HA HA HA! (HA HA, HA, HA HA HA..)

Canibus Lyrics

"Bis Vs. Rip (Original Version)"

[Intro: (Bis) {RIP}]

(Yo Rip {WHAT} come here man, let me talk to you for a 'sec?)
{WHAT THE FUCK YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT NIGGA?
(Why you screamin' man?)
{I'M THE ILLEST, I'M THE ILLEST}
(Yo, relax, yo put that down) {YO, DON'T TELL ME..}
{YO, I'LL BEAT YOUR LITTLE SKINNY ASS NIGGA}
(Yo, what the fuck is wrong with you?)
{FUCK YOU!!}

[Rip:]

Yo, you fuckin' hate me; you fuckin' lock me in the basement
But you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make sense
Can-I-Bitch - I supported you like a weight bench
Without me you're defenseless you better face it
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex
Gettin' paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catchin' wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best
The industry fucked you; I'm just payin' 'em back
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em
They just mad 'cause when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

[Bis:]

Yo, calm down

[Rip:]

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga, I'm a Ripper remember?
I told you not to do "Gone Til November"
But you wouldn't listen; I always had your best interests in mind
I wrote all your best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

[Bis:]

C'mon Rip, you a lyin' ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it
If its one thing I learned in show biz
Stay focused and don't quit Rip
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip:]

 Germaine, you fuckin' water brain
 Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream
 You should just call out names
 The industry's all about game
 I shit on 'em all the same
 And I leave spit stains on their brain
 Like liquid chocolate spillin' over their new white trainers
 Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is amazing; I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
 I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience
 I don't give a fuck about a beat; I've been rhyming for ages
 Rippers are dangerous, all jackers are afraid of us
 You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis:]

No, that's ridiculous

[Rip:]

 Aiight then, listen to mine
 I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you
 Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do
 Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils
 Bury you next to shark fossils
 Make it impossible to find you
 Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
 With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
 Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console
 Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole
 Suck the power out of your soul
 You're nothin' but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go
 Watching my Casio stop watch, countin' it slow
 Like drug lords checkin' to see if it's Talcum or Coke
 I can kill you by drownin' the globe
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat
 In battles I'm a thousand to no, I silenced the Pope
 Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
 No? I thought so, neither do I
 It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit in the business
 And probably in existence, what's your consensus?
 Study my own syntax statistics since '96
 With CPA certified assistance
 I made a decision that my standards are above precision
 The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women
 Are dope writtens, if it ain't dope then don't spit it
 Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive
 Just practice your penmanship
 If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
 Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
 According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fuckin' with Rip

Got millions of blueprints on zip disk
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits
In a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this
Nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist
The world that I rip, the world that I fixed, the world where I live

[Bis:]

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you proved
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth; you got talent out the gazoo
When niggaz first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into
I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you
I'm tired of fuckin' with you
Niggaz in the game don't wanna do nothin' with you
Bussin' with you, going one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I had to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since my third album I've been mentionin' you
I got your name on my arm, I'm representin' you
You +Rip the Jacker+ I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you
What happened between L and you, forget it
People know you won the battle; they will give you the credit
A lot of people don't want to admit it
But I consider it a real privilege
To bear witness to your lyrics
And be involved in sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us
The author of the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exodus scripts
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice
Remember Rip, you can't rhyme forever
There's always somebody with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip, ain't that how you wanna keep it?
I keep your whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip:]

Ayo, stop patronizing me, you despise me
All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin' zombie
If I was a priority, you'd acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither; you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me, stop smiling at me
Give me the keys to the garage; I need to borrow the Jeep
Get the fuck out my face nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Blakmilc Want Freedom"

[Canibus]

Hit the tune, shocked out, come but no further
Blakmilc's the name, domination's the purpose
And we don't give a fuck about rules, that's why we break 'em
If the devil was a rebel then you'd know what I'm sayin
Spokesman out in the open, pass the mic to me
I look around I see a whole lot of kids like me
If you could do one thing in this world, what would it be?
Would you rather be shackled in chains or fight to be free?
(I choose freedom!) When I wake up (when I wake up) and look around
And wonder how (I wonder how) can I get out
Get off to far (get off to far) beyond the gates
I jump then run (I jump then run) but I get chased
You can't escape (you can't escape) that's what they say
But I got away (I got away) and made 'em pay
For what they done (for what they done) to what I love
Hip-Hop rhymes over erratic drums
Blow your horns, here the cavalry comes
Blakmilc motherfucker and we fight 'til the tragedy's done
No matter where they be attackin me from
My heart pumps pure gasoline, and my eyes shine like the sun
Motherfuckers talk shit but they bums, I crush 'em like crumbs
Scream at the top of my lungs, that's what they want
This is Blakmilc baby, you never give up
Livin it up, I'm rapid-fire tearin shit up, what?

[guitars and drums to end]

Canibus Lyrics

"Live Dublin Freestyle"

[Canibus]

I speak in frequencies dogs would have trouble hearin
Canibus is the lyrical version of German engineerin
Raw metaphors keep you high for months
Fly around the earth twice without refuelin once
Ain't too many categories I can fit in when it comes to spittin
Cause I'm overqualified for the position
The lazer-guided, lyrical hybrid
Creatin scripts so sick, I gotta arm wrestle my pen to write it
Don't get excited, cause if I ever catch one of you motherfuckers bitin
We're gonna be fist fightin! So motherfuckers what'chu want?
I got the shotgun pumped
You feel like a frog nigga then jump
I possess the lyrical ammo to battle
And rip any one of you warm blooded mammals to shambles
I make examples of you, eat a mouthful of your crew
The type of MC you can't outdo
I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone, you can call me collect
I'll battle you over the...
I'll battle you over a blank check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck
I'll battle you standin over the toilet, with my dick out
Battle you jugglin a hand grenade with the pin out
In a stolen car with the VIN number ripped out
Drinkin a Guinness Stout, doin a 360 spinout!
[loud cheers and applause]

Canibus Lyrics

"Accapella"

[Canibus]

Yeah, let's go... yo

Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor

That's what you get for disagreein with God

The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
that I can tag along with SOCOM

I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat

At sunrise, I spit to the East

Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released

They ain't got no lip for the beast

Make you strip like police, I point the heat

From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep

Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep

I check to make sure it's no leaks

Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari

Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me

Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt

That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt

Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture

For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work